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Another Woman Helped. Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

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LITTLE JOE'S PREMONITION OF DISASTER

Dreamed About Dead Sister
on Morning When He
Was Run Over By Two
Trains.

"Mamma, if I die will I be buried by sister?" asked little seven-year-old Joseph Kometz when he woke up last Tuesday morning. At noon of the same day the boy was run over by two trains on the New Haven road opposite his home at Hancock avenue, Hollister Heights, in Stratford. The first train cut off the boy's heels. The second cut off both legs midway between the knees and hips. The boy is now resting easily at his home making a brave fight for life and his physicians say that he will recover.

Every day at about noon the switcher draws up on the siding in the rear of Sexton's stone yard on Stratford avenue, in Stratford, and a crowd of school boys amuse themselves by jumping on the cars and taking rides. Tuesday was no exception to the rule and little Joe Kometz was one of the crowd. Joe lives with his father, Michael Kometz, on Hollister Heights district, opposite the place where he was injured. The section is known as dead man's curve among the residents of the vicinity on account of the many deaths which resulted from walking on the tracks. It is estimated 20 persons a year lose their lives on this curve in the last ten years.

Many of the children from the Hollister Heights school cross the tracks at this point on their way to school. Now the teachers of the school have forbidden the children to cross the tracks and dismiss the pupils a few minutes in advance of the usual time to allow the children to go home by the way of Bruce avenue, crossing the tracks through the viaduct on that thoroughfare.

Tuesday Little Joe jumped the switcher. It seems that he was alone at the time in that part of the train. He rode back and forth a while and then when the train stopped he jumped off and attempted to reach his home on the other side by crawling under a freight car. The train started, catching the little fellow before he could get out. The wheels of the car passed over both feet, cutting off the heel of one foot and part of the other. In his crippled condition the little fellow bravely started to crawl across the remaining four tracks to reach the other side. Before he could gain the embankment the express due in this city 12:37 came around the curve. The little fellow made desperate efforts to get across but was only able to clear his body. The wheels of the engine passed over his legs. The engineer saw the body as he came around the curve, reversed his engine, but could not stop the train. A teacher of the Hollister Heights school whose name is not known discovered the boy before the train was stopped.

The little fellow was making a desperate effort to reach the track side, pulling himself along with his hands, and dragging his mangled limbs behind him. He was taken to his home, Drs. Blank and McQueeney were called. They amputated the mangled extremities. When asked why he made the remark he did when he woke up that morning the boy said: "I was dreaming. Mamma about sister, and I thought something was going to happen. If I die I want to be buried by sister." The sister he referred to died about six months ago. She was 12 years old and very much beloved in the household. But Little Joe won't die unless some unforeseen complication sets in. He is cheerful and does not realize the terrible experience through which he passed.

CASITORIA.
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Bears the
Signature of
Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

LADY ATHLYNE

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(Continued.)

"I think so," said Athlyne smiling. "I suppose a Deputy Lieutenant of the Royal Shire is a bit of a snob, but when he introduced himself to the Sheriff, they chatted together a few minutes and then, as he went to his horse which a police constable was holding at the door, he said to the sergeant: 'I must not, as Sheriff, be bail myself. But if any bail is required I undertake to get it.' He then went to his room and I have never seen him since."

Athlyne walked down the village with him, he leading his horse. When he knew that Athlyne was going to walk to Castle Douglas, he was ready to catch his train to the south he said:

"To-morrow is a busy day and you may find it hard to get rooms at the Douglas, especially as the fog will detain many travellers. Now I had my rooms reserved at the Walter Scott, kept by an old servant of mine, where I always stay. An hour ago I wired commanding them as I am going to stay the night with Mr. Hardy of Ennisfour where I am dining; so perhaps you had better wire over and secure them. I shall be there myself in the morning and I have no doubt but that you will find them very comfortable. If you go early you may be off before I get there."

"No, no, I don't want to trouble you. I hope you will breakfast with me if I am still there." The general's servant, who was with him, said: "No, sir, I have no time to spare. I am in my own bailwick and you must let me be your host."

"All right," said Athlyne heartily. The old man who had been looking at him kindly all the time now said:

"Tell me now—and you won't think me rude or inquisitive—what is the young man and I'm an old one, and moreover Sheriff—can I do anything for you? The Sheriff told me you were in a state of danger, and I have been away—or at any rate to let the lady get off; and I couldn't help noticing myself that you are still anxious. The police said you were in a state of much upset about it all. Can I serve you in any way? If I can, it will assure you to be a pleasure to me. He was so frank and open that Athlyne's heart warmed to him. More over he was a man and a strong one, was more than glad to unburden his heart to some one who would be a sympathetic listener.

The fact is, sir, the young lady who was with me came for a drive from Ambleside and we came on here on the spur of the moment. Her father had gone to London and I was left alone; and as no one knew that she had gone out motoring he will be anxious about her. Naturally she is a bit nervous and I am a bit angry. You will understand when I tell you that she and I are engaged to be married. He does not know this, though I have been telling her so for some time. He has posted at Ambleside 'he will doubtless know soon. Unhappily he had some mistaken idea about me. A small matter, but it would give a second thought to; but he is a Kentuckian and they take some things very much to heart. This was nothing wrong, but I was a bit off at me, as he would do if he heard from someone else that she had been motoring with me. I was a bit of a mischief-maker against her happiness—and mine. So you can imagine how I felt. I have been telling her to you for your kindness." The sheriff paused before replying. He had been thinking—putting two and two together. "They are a good-looking pair, but I don't know it. Then the engagement was made only to-day. No wonder they were upset and anxious. No wonder they were fast. . . . Ah, Youth! Youth!"

"I understand, my lord. Well, you did quite right to get the lady away; though it was a bit of a nuisance for her to start off alone in the mist." "It hadn't come on then, sir. Had it been so I should never have let her go alone—no matter what the consequences might be! But I hope she's out of it and close to home by this time."

"Aye, that's so. Still she was wise to go. It avoids all possibility of scandal. Poor bairn! I'm hoping she got off South before the fog came on too thick. It's drifting up from the Firth so that when once she would have crossed the border most like it would have been clear now. Anyhow under the circumstances you are right to stay here. Then there can be no talk whatever. And her father will have had time to cool down by the time you meet."

"We're parting here, my Lord. Good-bye and let me wish you both every success in your marriage. I hope you will have had some news; and I'm hoping you'll be able to tell me of her safe arrival." At the cross roads the men parted. The Sheriff rode on his way to Ennisfour, and Athlyne went back to Dalry. He ordered his man to send a telegram at the little post office. His telegram ran:

To Walter Scott Hotel Castle Douglas
Keep rooms given up by Sheriff for to-night.
ATHLYNE.

He had written the telegram through without a pause. The signature was added unhesitatingly, though not merely instinctively. He had done with falsity; henceforth he would use his own name, and that only. He felt freer than he had done for many a day.

He ate his dinner quietly; he was astonished at himself that he could take matters so calmly. He realized that he now realized that he had done it all. There was nothing left but to wait. In the earlier part of that waiting he was disturbed and anxious. Difficulties and dangers and all possible matters of concern obtruded themselves upon his thought in endless succession. As time wore on the natural optimism of his character began to govern his thinking. Reason still worked freely enough, but he took his orders from the optimistic side and brought up arrays of comforting facts and deductions.

It was with renewed heart and with a hopeful spirit that he set out on his road to Castle Douglas. He had deliberately chosen to walk instead of taking a carriage or riding. He did not want to arrive early in the evening, and he calculated that the sixteen miles would take him somewhere about four hours to walk. The evening was clear and he walked briskly. He had not long when he killed the time which he had to get through, give him if not ease of mind at least some form of mental distraction. Such he felt must be his present antidote—his guarantee of sanity. As he had no luggage of any kind he felt perfectly free; the only addition to his equipment was a handful of cigars to last him during the long walk.

He had left Dalry some miles behind him when he began to notice the thickening of the mist. After a while when this became only too apparent he began to hesitate as to whether it would not be wiser to return. By this time he realized that it was no mere passing cloud of vapour which was driving him from the south, but a sea of fog led inward through the narrowing Firth; he could smell the iodine of the sea in his nostrils. But he decided to

once with ladies of my family he shall have to answer to me for it. By God he shall!" Judy thought silence wiser than any form of words, and remained mute. Colonel Ogilvie went on in the same cold, rasping voice:

"May I ask you, Miss Hayes?"—"Miss Hayes, my God!" thought poor Judy trembling. He went on: "If my daughter has had any meeting or correspondence with him?"

"Not a word," cried Judy. "I can answer for that."

"Indeed! May I ask how you can speak with certainty on such a subject. I thought you were in Italy and that your daughter had been with me." In despair she spoke impulsively: "I don't know, Lucius. How could I—only think so?"

"Exactly! Then you are but giving your opinion! For that my dear Judith I am much obliged; but it has been for so long my habit to judge for myself in matters of those mutual relations between men which we call 'honour' that I have somehow come to trust my own opinion in preference to that of any one else—even you, my dear Judith—and to act upon it." Then seeing the red flush of anger and humiliation in her cheeks whilst the words seemed to leap into her eyes, he felt that he had gone too far and added:

"I trust that you will forgive me, my dear sister, if I have caused you unnecessary pain. Unhappily pain must follow such dereliction of duty as has been shown by that young man, and by you too; but believe me I would spare you if I could. But I can promise—and do so now—that I shall not forget myself and speak with bitterness of the bitterness of my heart as I have done. I pray your forgiveness and trust that it may be extended to me. The cynical words and tone of his apology, however it may have been meant, only added fuel to her anger. Words were inadequate, so she sought refuge in flight. As she went out of the door she heard Colonel Ogilvie say as if to himself:

"I know how to speak to women; but thank God, I do know how to deal with that damned fellow!" Judy threw herself on her bed in a state of complete passion. She could not but feel that she had been brutally treated; but she was powerless to either resent or explain. But well she knew that she had helped to leave matters worse for poor Joy than they had been. All the anger that Colonel Ogilvie had been repressing had now been let out. He had expressed himself and she had never known such expression of his to fall in tragic consequences. He would never forgive Mr. Hardy for his double sin of omission and commission. She was sorry for the young man's sake; but was in anguish for the sake of the poor girl who had felt and knew of her heart upon him. Joy's romance in which her heart—her whole being and her future happiness—had been so bitterly and practically overthrown, she did not know it as yet. All the life-long brightness that even her own mind had seen, she had now gone. Henceforth she would be only a poor derelict, like Judy herself wrecked on a lee shore! Judy had always felt herself, but she had never realized the cause of that pity as she did now, seen as it was through the eyes of loving sympathy.

"I pitied my own heart. As if I held it in my hands. Somewhat coldly—with a sense of faded benevolence. And a 'Poor thing' negligence."

Colonel Ogilvie went out in a very mild and humorous interview with the motor-agent. He felt angry with himself for having lost his temper—and to a lady; and his anger had been so violent on some one. In any case he considered that the motor people had treated him scurvily and should suffer accordingly. In reality he was simply making a great show of happiness. He was an affectionate husband who had been deeply concerned at his wife's illness, and lonely and distraught in her long absence. Only that morning he had met her again and had found her quite restored to health and as though she had regained her youth. He had shared in her pleasure at the good account he had to give of Joy. It was, after all, perhaps natural to a man of his peculiar temperament to visit heavily his displeasure on the man who had, to his mind, ill-used him, and on all concerned with him in the doing. Mr. Hardy it was who had jarred the wheels of his chariot of pleasure; and Mr. Hardy it was who must ultimately answer to him for so doing.

(To be Continued.)

PEACHES NOT HURT.
No Damage Done by Storm, Says J. H. Hale of Glastonbury.

J. H. Hale of Glastonbury, the peach grower with a national reputation, when asked yesterday if the recent snowstorm had injurious effects upon the peach buds, said: "No. The snow simply makes a jacket to protect the buds from the cold and is beneficial, not injurious. I have never seen the orchards in better shape and every-thing looks favorable for one of the biggest crops the State has ever seen." L. C. Root of Farmington said that so far as he knew the orchards were not hurt by the storm. The temperature was, he said, very low when the snow came, but he did not think that the trees were frozen to the buds. It was not that it was probable that no harm was done.

Roosevelt Has Planned to Meet the Pope

Rome, May 3.—While on the Red Sea April 15 on the way to Mombasa, Theodore Roosevelt wrote a letter to Cardinal Satolli, in which he said: "I look forward to renewing our acquaintance year hence, when I shall present my respects to the Holy Father, to whom I beg of you to give my warm personal regards."

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